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Dragana

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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Silently, the dragon peeled herself from the veil of night. The village, who had long called off their search for the creature, were unaware and tucked safely into bed. Most others of her kin would have lowered themselves to the level of the humans, burning them while they slept. But she was better than that.

She would fight them face to face.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Daylight came, and went. Then the process repeated itself, adding dates and stars and events in one fantastic cosmic outpouring, all without the female dragon so much as stirring from her place in the wood. The villagers remained blissful in their ignorance, celebrating the menial events in the tragically short human lifespan such as a thirteenth birthday or the anniversary of a child's death. With her third eye, a small scaly thing that rested under its sheath on her forehead, she could survey the entire vilalge and just a touch beyond. She waited, and she learned, and when she was tired of learning, waited some more.

From the second of the dragon's chapters:

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Father Broomp reached down and took his daughter's hand. "I'm sorry," he said, his voice low and apologetic. "She had to do it." He turned his gaze to the window, where the sun was rising over the horizon. "It's been a long night, and I'm afraid we'll have to leave early tomorrow morning. She had to do it."

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The farmer known as Joe owned very little but his land and a wife, whose hair was just about the same color as the burlap sacks he stored his wheat in.

Nobody complained about the stray cats for fear of an incoming crop plague destroying other food sources.

There was one human, and one human alone, that might prove to be a threat.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



It was a little girl, and something about them filled the dragon with a sort of primal fear.

Ridiculous. No adult man, no less a child, could possibly stand up to the dragon. This fear had no place in their heart. But every movement the child made, whether to strike a companion out of line or to reach a piece of buttered bread made them recoil. Something about them was eerily familiar.

Still, child or not, the dragon's attempt would go forward. She sheathed her third eye and began to rest. Energy would be of the essence.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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